

S5 E09 - The Last Tram (From Clapham)

Transcribed by Steve Dale, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

OMNES:

HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHING) Did you hear that!? The BBC... Home Service!

OMNES:

HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER

MILLIGAN:

(Recovering) Oh, dear. Ah.

GREENSLADE:

Ah, well. We present the happy-go-lucky, crazy, zany, wacky - Goon Show!

OMNES:

DEAD SILENCE

SELLERS:

In all it's gracious silent dignity, we present The Coon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

INTRODUCTION PIECE

SEAGOON:

Ladies and gentlepong, that great and moving music leads us automatically to tram cars. On April the 5th 1952, London's last tram rolled into the depot. Here to celebrate that occasion is a special radio documentary entitled - The Last Tram!

ORCHESTRA:

GRAND LINK TUNE

GRAMS:

TRAM MOVING, BELL RINGING, CHEERS

BBC ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

(OVER GRAMS) And as I stand here on the great pavement, there goes the last tram.

ORCHESTRA:

STRAINED CHORD

SEAGOON:

That was The Last Tram. Those taking part were the Mayor of Westminster and the counsellors. And Anna Neagle led the Chelsea pensioners. Also taking part were the last tram driver, Norris Lurker, and the conductress, Madje... er... Thund. Leader Paul Beard. Produced by Melly Strained Bullshine. Script by William Shakespeare. Edited by Jimmy Grafton. Additional dialogue by Geraldo. The hotel bill was by Gilbert Harding.

OMNES:

APPLAUDS AND CHEERS

ORCHESTRA:

TRAM THEME

OMNES:

APPLAUDS AND CHEERS

ORCHESTRA:

TRAM THEME - EXACTLY THE SAME

OMNES:

APPLAUDS AND CHEERS

ORCHESTRA:

TRAM THEME - SAME, FADES OUT TO APPLAUSE

GRAMS:

MUSIC THAT WAS PLAYED WHEN BBC RADIO WAS OFF THE AIR, WOBBLY

GREENSLADE:

(CLEARS THROAT) We appear to have a little time in hand before the next programme, so here once again is the name of the last tram driver. It is Norris Lurker. In case any of you want to write it down it's spelt N.O.R.R.I.S. L.U.R.K.E.R. (COUGHS) The erm... oh, yes. The last tram was a 53A. 53A. F.I.F.T.Y. T.H.R.double-E.A.Y.E.

ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

(Thynne-esque) Listeners, this man is a fool. The last tram was not a 53A, the last tram was yet to come. The drama of its revelation started with an ordinary 49 and six-penny phone call.

GRAMS:

IN SEQUENCE: PRESSURE COOKER CORK BURSTING, RISING WHISTLE, SPLASH, THIRD MAN THEME ON ZITHER, TRAIN STEAMING IN, WOODEN BOX FALLING TO BITS, "SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL!", EXPLOSION, PIG NOISES, CORK POPS

SEAGOON:

Answer that phone.

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

PHONE PIECE LIFTED

THROAT:

Hello? It's for you, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Miss Throat.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Hello? London Pleasure Transport board, Transport House, Redundant Tram Department, Inspector Ned Seagoon speaking. (LAUGHS) What!? Nonsense! Good-bye!

FX:

PHONE PIECE SLAMMED DOWN

SEAGOON:

(CALLING) Mr. Clench!

FX:

FOOT STEPS RUNNING FROM AFAR TOWARDS MICROPHONE

CLENCH:

[SELLERS]

Did you so much as call me, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes, take your tongue off my boot.

CLENCH:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Some fool just phoned up and said there's still a tram at large on the Highgate-Kingsway route.

CLENCH:

Oh, but that is impossible, sir. All trams have been melted down and made into melted down trams.

SEAGOON:

Every one?

CLENCH:

All except the one you're living in, sir.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Wait, look! That tram map on the wall! There's still one flag-pin stuck in it.

CLENCH:

Good heavens! I had never noticed it before, sir.

SEAGOON:

What does it mean?

CLENCH:

It means sir, that there *is* a tram still running! According to the flag, it is a number 33.

SEAGOON:

When did he leave the depot?

CLENCH:

1952.

SEAGOON:

He's running late! He's running terribly late.

CLENCH:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I'd better check on this. Is my official car ready?

CLENCH:

Yes, he's finished your shopping, sir. He'll be here in just one moment, now.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Ere the night is out I'll have this number 33 in the sheds and quietly melted down. We don't want scandal, you know.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

Er, your car's ready, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Gladys. Now, come along. Drive along the old 33 route and hurry, man.

ELLINGTON:

Right, hold tight!

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS, VERY SLOW PACE

ELLINGTON:

Er, giddup there.

SEAGOON:

She's running well, tonight.

ELLINGTON:

Yeah, considering we got a load of ashes on board.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ELLINGTON:

Giddup, there.

SEAGOON:

(PANICKING) Take it easy, you mad fool! Do you want to kill us both?

ELLINGTON:

No, only you.

SEAGOON:

Good. Stop here, Gladys. I want to go down the Kingsway subway (FX STOPS). Now, you meet me at the other side. I'll go on foot. In fact, I'll go on both feet.

ANNOUNCER:

The old Kingsway tram tunnel. Inside it was pitch black and dark, as well. To make it worse, there were no lights on. Luckily the tunnel was only 20 yards wide so Ned Seagoon was able to stretch out his arms and feel his way along both sides.

GRAMS:

DRIPPING WATER, ECHOED AS IN A TUNNEL

SEAGOON:

Yes... yes, it was very dark. Luckily, I had remembered a 200 foot candle I had in my trouser pocket. Putting in a fresh battery I lit it. And there, in the candlelight, gleaming in the darkness, was the hulk of a long forgotten tram. On the side I could see the number - 33. Carefully I climbed aboard the rusty platform.

CRUN:

You can't get on here, it's not a request stop.

SEAGOON:

Good Heavens! Good Heavens, driver Henry Crun!

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

It was you who phoned.

CRUN:

Ah!

SEAGOON:

Now, look here, Crun. This... this tram should have been on the scrap heap two and a half years ago.

CRUN:

My 33 on the scrap heap!? Never, never! Piddle-poo! Never, not until you afford us our just dues. And this is the last tram ceremony I'm talking about and the marble clock presentation that I never had.

SEAGOON:

It's impossible, driver Crun.

CRUN:

No, no...

SEAGOON:

Now, look here. The last tram ceremony's over and done with and... and Norris Lurker has been presented with a marble clock. Now... now, come on. Let's sneak old 33 quietly back to the sheds, eh?

MINNIE:

Henrrrrrry! Who's that down there?

CRUN:

A civil servant, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Hit him! Hit him!

SEAGOON:

Clippie Bannister!

MINNIE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Come down off the top-deck!

MINNIE:

I can't!

SEAGOON:

Why not?

MINNIE:

I'm smoking. Anyway, buddy, who are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm from the tram depot!

MINNIE:

It's thruppence from the tram depot, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Well, I must ask you both to get off this tram!

MINNIE:

Bah!

SEAGOON:

I command you!

MINNIE:

Yakkakukkaku!

CRUN:

Piddle-Pooh! Abandon my lovely tram in mid-route? Never! I must think of my passenger.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, you've been down here two and a half years, now. Who would be idiot enough to be passenger all that time?

ECCLES:

Ah! Dum-de-dum-de-dum... Don't forget to let me know when we get to my stop at Kingsway, won't you?

SEAGOON:

Come along, get off, you.

ECCLES:

What? What? What? Me, off? Do you know... do you know who you're talking to?

SEAGOON:

Who?

ECCLES:

You've heard of the Duke of Norfolk?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, I'm... Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yup.

SEAGOON:

Are you related to the Duke of Norfolk?

ECCLES:

Nope, but I had you worried for a moment (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

I'm sure you had the Duke worried for a moment, too. Now, come along, off you get.

ECCLES:

But I booked to Kingsway, here's my ticket!

SEAGOON:

He's booked to Kingsway, yes. Curse! He's within his rights. Driver Crun, you will have to drive this man to his destination.

CRUN:

Not unless you promise us the last tram ceremony.

MINNIE:

Hit him! Hit him!

CRUN:

And the marble clock.

SEAGOON:

This is mutiny! This is going to... this is going to lose me my job, you know. It's gonna mean a Royal commission and I'll... I'll have to speak to the governors, that's all. Meantime, here is driver Max Geldray to play a 34 trolley bus.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

The Last Tram, Part Two. A meeting of the country and town planning society.

OMNES:

MEETING MUMBLING

GRYTPYPE:

Now, next item. Blocks of flats to be built on the site of the old Kingsway tram subway.

MILLIGAN:

Bravvvo!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Of the 10,000 tenders, I have given the contract to F. Bogg and company.

MILLIGAN:

Isn't that, er, isn't that your wife's brother?

GRYTPYPE:

(CLEARS THROAT UNCOMFORTABLY)

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

MILLIGAN:

Ahh!

GRYTPYPE:

Any more questions? Good. Now, then, what I want to see...

FX:

DOOR OPENED QUICKLY AND VIOLENTLY

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen! Stop the meeting!

MILLIGAN:

What's going on here? Look here, you can't do this!

GRYTPYPE:

Do you have to burst in here? If you must burst, please do it in a convenient place.

SEAGOON:

Ying-tong-iddle-I-po!

OMNES:

Good!

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes, the horror comic.

SEAGOON:

I'm chief of the redundant trams department. I have grave news for you all - you can't build the flats on the Kingsway subway!

GRYTPYPE:

Can't build? But I've already had the dropsy from the... (CLEARS THROAT UNCOMFORTABLY) Erm, why not?

SEAGOON:

There's a 33 Tram down there.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, get it out.

SEAGOON:

I want to, I've got to, but this crew refuse to drive it until they are afforded another last tram ceremony.

GRYTPYPE:

Another ceremony? Dear, dear.

ALDERMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

As Alderman for East Acton, I said them... them flats... them flats have got to go up because I can't sleep in Hyde Park any longer. They got to go up.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, of course.

MILLIGAN:

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon? We'll do this tram ceremony, but secretly and on the cheap. We don't want any questions asked.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

This man does all functions at half price, here's his card.

SEAGOON:

Let me see. Oh! Major Bloodnok!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME TUNE

BLOODNOK:

Ooooh! Aaaaah! There, Moriarty! I'll pay pontoons only.

MORIARTY:

Pontoons only? We're playing chess!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I thought the cards were a funny shape.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

The police!

MORIARTY:

Bloodnok, there are other people.

BLOODNOK:

Not in my life.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good evening, I'm, er, I'm looking for Major Dennis Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

(GULPS) He's upstairs, dangerously ill.

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

BLOODNOK:

I am his identical twin brother, Fred.

SEAGOON:

Pity, I had a paid job for him.

BLOODNOK:

(GASPS) I'll go upstairs and see if he's better.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

BLOODNOK:

Aah! My identical twin brother, Fred, has just told me you wish to see me. Now to business.

SEAGOON:

We want you to... we want you to do cut-price Lord Mayor at last tram ceremony. It must be hush-hush or there'd be questions asked and I'll get the sack in you like...

BLOODNOK:

Sealed lips Bloodnok! Now what's the, er...

SEAGOON:

£10?!

BLOODNOK:

10...! Moriarty? Phone the Mansion House. Oooh!

SEAGOON:

Remember, it's all very hush-hush, so be there at 8.45 tomorrow night at Kingsway tram subway.

BLOODNOK:

Right! Yes, yes, yes, yes. Good-bye!

SEAGOON:

Good-bye!

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS TO HIMSELF, THEN...) Moriarty, are you through yet?

MORIARTY:

Just a minute. Hello? Hello? Hello? Mansion House?

GUS:

[SELLERS - JEWISH]

(ON OTHER END OF PHONE) Yes, yes, yes.

MORIARTY:

Lord Mayor?

GUS:

Who else?

MORIARTY:

Listen, Gus. We want to borrow the Lord Mayor's robes for tomorrow.

GUS:

Oooh, well. Well, let me have them right back after, only Sir Winston wants to borrow 'em for a fancy dress ball, you see. Well, I've got to go, now, someone wants an 'aircut.

ORCHESTRA:

HARP LINK

MILLIGAN:

During that phone conversation, how many of you noticed that Seagoon had gone down into the subway, again? Hmm? You must watch these points.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Mr. Crun? We've arranged the last tram ceremony. Tonight at 8.45, in 15 minutes time.

CRUN:

Oh, Minnie? Take the beds down.

MINNIE:

I can't.

CRUN:

Why not?

MINNIE:

I've just got in.

CRUN:

Well, stay in bed now you're there, just bring *my* bed down.

MINNIE:

Which one is yours, Henry?

CRUN:

The one I'm not in, Min.

MINNIE:

Which one is that?

CRUN:

The one I'm not in, Min!

MINNIE:

But... but you're... you're not in *either* bed, Henry!

CRUN:

Aaaah!

MINNIE:

Ooh!

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Michael Dennison and Dulcie Gray. Now, come along. Drive this tram out of here.

CRUN:

I can't, there's no electricity. The... turned off, it's on the mains...

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! I have to account for that tram. I'll have to go and get the electricity laid on. Meantime, here's old steam-driven Ray Ellington and his lurgi-ridden four.

ELLINGTON:

Ladies and gentlemen, take your partners for a waltz.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

MILLIGAN:

Thank you, thank you. While Mr. Ellington was singing that number, how many of you noticed that Seagoon had gone to the country and town planners, eh? You must watch it, you know.

SEAGOON:

(FADES IN) ...so the tram is rusted to the rails and cannot be moved until the electricity is through.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we shall have to build over it, that's all. Now, come along...

SEAGOON:

No, no, you can't do that, I'd lose my job. I've got to account for all the trams, you know? I mean, it's chop-chop.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, laddy, I'm sorry. My job is to build those flats on Kingsway subway.

SEAGOON:

But my...

GRYTPYPE:

We must start building or the bricks will start to perish!

SEAGOON:

But you can't!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Look, it's up to you to get your tram out of there before the tunnel is sealed up...

SEAGOON:

What? But...! Before the tunnel is sealed up? I... I... I... I... I... I... I must hurry!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

MILLIGAN:

Meantime, at the London Passenger Transport Board, redundant tram depot, section 3.

BLOODNOK:

Where's that double-crossing Seagoon? I'll give him last tram ceremony! I'll...

INDIAN MALE SECRETARY:

[MILLIGAN]

Pardon me, I am his secretary, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Where's his dufter?

INDIAN MALE SECRETARY:

His dufter is in there but...

BLOODNOK:

Out of me way!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Now, Seagoon! I've been at the subway entrance in me robes all night waiting for that blasted tram to come out! You're a no-good, low-down, jumped-up, never-come-down, naughty man! And I'd call you worse if it wasn't for the fact that you're not here! Aaaah! What's this on his desk? A nice little petty-cash box.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

NEW BOY:

[MILLIGAN]

(UPPER CLASS VOICE) Oh, I'm sorry sir.

BLOODNOK:

How dare you accuse me of stealing from the petty-cash box!

NEW BOY:

I'm the new boy, sir. I've just brought the departmental wages.

BLOODNOK:

(SHOUTING) I'm not interested in the dep-wag-nyegn - (FRIENDLY) Leave them here, lad.

NEW BOY:

Would you just care to sign here, sir?

BLOODNOK:

The greatest of pleasure.

FX:

SCRATCH OF PEN ON PAPER OVER NAME

BLOODNOK:

'Ned... Seagoon'. There. How much did you say was here?

NEW BOY:

£20,000.

BLOODNOK:

Ooooh! I wonder where Neddie is.

SEAGOON:

Ned, dear listener, was struggling to get the electricity to the tram. But I needed assistance!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me, my cap-i-tain. Enter Bluebottle. Gives ting on tram conductor's set, pauses for audience's sausages, not a clapper in the house. (AUDIENCE APPLAUD) Thinks: this is a good start.

SEAGOON:

Dear little skin and bones Hercules, you came in the nick of time.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I did not, I came in the council dust cart. Points to portions of old fish bones still stuck to seat of trousers. Doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot. Eiy! Sharp bones!

SEAGOON:

Little dirty pipe-cleaner legs, take these electricity cables down the subway.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will do it, my cap-i-tain, I will. Carefully puts horror comic in secret pocket. Picks up electrics cabules. Farewell my - Tee-hee! Hee-hee-hee! Cap-i-tain?

SEAGOON:

What, lad?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cap-i-tain? You would not turn the dreaded electri-csi-csi on while little Bluen-bottle is still holding the wires? You would not do that to your little Bluen-bottle, would you, cap-i-tain?

SEAGOON:

I give you my word as a Chinese gentleman.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I know my little Chinese captain would not lie to me. Enters tunnel. Does dignified slow walk as done by Alan Ladd in "The Black Knight", but effect is ruined by fish bones still hanging on trousers.

WORKMAN:

[SECOMBE]

(YORKSHIRE ACCENT) Where's that lad going?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, hello Mr. Workman!

WORKMAN:

What are you doing down here?

BLUEBOTTLE:

This is a good game, isn't it? Tee-hee!

WORKMAN:

You can't hang about down here, we're working, you can't (NORTHERN GIBBERISH).

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, that is a rude, naughty sign. Moves away from rough, naughty workman.

WORKMAN:

Go on, be off or I'll bang you with this shovel! I don't know what's going on here, I don't. Jock!

JOCK:

[MILLIGAN]

(IRISH ACCENT) What's it, me darling boy?

SEAGOON:

Connect up the electricity.

JOCK:

Darling boy, 'tis not on. It's not through, darling.

SEAGOON:

Ooh, these flats will need lighting, you know.

JOCK:

Aye.

SEAGOON:

There should be a couple of thousand volts through. Throw the switch, any-road.

FX:

METAL SWITCH TURNED

GRAMS:

STRONG ELECTRIC CURRENT RUNNING THROUGH FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSION

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eaugh! Eaugh! Eaugh! Eaugh! You rotten workmen swine, you! You have deaded me with the dreaded electric voltages! Look, my beautiful nut is all singed! Points to badly blackened bonce, doot-doot-doot-doot-doot! Thud! Sound of ear 'ole falling off.

WORKMAN:

You shouldn't be down here while we're building. Now, clear out before I fetch you one with this shovel.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I shall tell my teacher, Miss Cringing-Draws, about you! I will! You just wait 'til she gives me back my cardboard atomic ray-gun! You will writhe in agony as the radioactive particules enter through...

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aie!

WORKMAN:

You asked for that!

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD

WORKMAN:

Oooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

So have you! Tee-hee-hee! Tee-hee-hee! I have re-veng-ed the honour of the Bluebottules! Exits left in blackened rags, flattened bonce, loose knees and spare shins in satchel. Victory! Holé! Exits left on corporation sewage cart. Pooh!

WORKMAN:

I don't know what's going on down here, I'll tell you that for nothing, I'll...

GREENSLADE:

Pardon me, I'm from the BBC.

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD

GREENSLADE:

Oooh!

WORKMAN:

That's for the TV programmes you give us!

GREENSLADE:

You rotten devil, you! You hit-ted poor little Wallace Greenslade with a shovel, nearly deading me! Points to lump on crust, toot-toot-toot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Greenslade, you swine, you! You're pinching my lovely little act! I'll get you at playtime with Terry!

GREENSLADE:

I'll tell me dad!

SEAGOON:

What's going on here?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, sir. The BBC has just heard about the new last tram ceremony and would like to broadcast it.

SEAGOON:

No, no, you mustn't! It, it's supposed to be secret!

GREENSLADE:

Oh, don't worry. No one will hear it, sir. It's on the Home Service.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank heaven for that. Right, well, you'll... you'll find all the reception committee waiting at the far end of the tunnel. Now, I'll go down and get Mr. Crun going.

ORCHESTRA:

TRAM THEME TUNE

MILLIGAN:

Just thought you'd like to hear it again.

CRUN:

Mnk... Are you all packed, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Yes, I'm in my box, Henry.

CRUN:

I'll just put the lid on.

SEAGOON:

Ah, Mr. Crun!

MINNIE:

Hit him!

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD

SEAGOON:

Oooh! Give me that shovel! Now look here, the electricity's on so start driving her out. We've only got 5 minutes to get the ceremony over before the builders seal the tunnel.

ECCLES:

Oh, good! Don't forget to put me over at the Kingsway because when I get there...

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD

ECCLES:

...I've got lot of things to do there... (REALISES HE'S BEEN HIT) Ooow!

SEAGOON:

Now, shut up!

CRUN:

Hold tight!

FX:

CONDUCTOR'S BELL

GREENSLADE:

Stop! Stop! Stop! Mr. Seagoon, Mr. Seagoon, there's no-one at the entrance to the subway at all.

SEAGOON:

No - no - no last tram reception committee?

GREENSLADE:

No, no.

MINNIE:

Hit him!

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD

SEAGOON:

Ooh! Look here, committee or no committee, I'm driving this tram out. Jump on, Greenslade! On second thoughts, jump on the tram!

GRAMS:

TRAM RUNNING

SEAGOON:

I'll show them that Ned Seagoon's the master.

GREENSLADE:

You're Seagoon? I think I should mention that there's a Black Mariah at the entrance waiting for you.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GREENSLADE:

Absconding with the departmental wages.

SEAGOON:

Stop the tram! Crun, how do you stop the tram?

MINNIE:

Hit him!

FX:

SHOVEL HITTING SOMETHING HARD TWICE OVER SCREAMING AT EACH OTHER

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

FINISH THEME TUNE AND OUTRO